

SYRIAN WOMAN'S LAMENT

(Translated from the Arabic)

I arose and came to the grave,
At the breaking of the day,
To the grave, on barren hill,
Where Hazeef, my husband lay.

I called to him, by his name,
But no answer came again,
Once more I repeated my call,—
But repeated it in vain.

His dear voice will never speak,
From his bed beneath the stones,
He sleeps too deeply the sleep of death,
To hark to my broken moans.

Who will care for his children now,
Since my pray'rs are all unheard?
From there,—in the grave,—
Answer me, answer me, one single word !

VALGEVIND'S BOAT SONG

From "The Garden of Kama."

By LAURENCE HOPE

Waters glisten, and sunbeams quiver,
The wind blows fresh and free,
Take my boat to your breast, O River !
Carry me out to Sea !

This land is laden with fruit and grain,
With never a place left free for flowers,
A fruitful mother ; but I am fain
For brides in their early bridal hours.

Take my boat to your breast, O River !
Carry me out to Sea !

The Sea, belov'd by a thousand ships,
Is maiden ever, and fresh and free.
Ah, for a touch of her cool, green lips,
Carry me out to Sea !

Take my boat to your breast, dear River,
And carry it out to Sea !

EARLY MORNING

Words by HILAIRE BELLOC

The Moon on the one hand, the Dawn on the other,
The Moon is my sister, the Dawn is my brother.

The Moon on my left, the Dawn on my right,
My brother Good Morning, my sister Good Night.

FOUR JAPANESE SONGS

(Adapted from the Japanese)

1. SONG OF THE PLUM TREE

Mock not the withered leaf of the plum tree,
Mock not the puckered skin of the fruit,
Once in its fragrant branches,
Wept a nightingale.

2. SONG OF THE PINE TREE AND CHERRY

Though I may sing of beautiful women,
Though I may sing of beautiful garments,
Yet I love better the pine tree
And cherry in blossom.

3. PILLOW SONG

Sleeping beside thee, no need of pillows,
Sleeping beside me, no need of pillows,
Thine arm under mine head, mine arm under thine head,
Thine arm and mine arm, those are our pillows.

4. SONG OF THE WELL ROPE

Neighbour, see how sweetly the wild flowers are growing, entwin'd
in my well rope,
Neighbor, I have not the heart to cut them.
Neighbor, see, I must have some water,
Neighbor, may I draw a little water from your well?

Modern French

CHANSON DE LA MARIÉE

WAKE UP, MY DEAR

(Greek Folk Song)

Wake up, my dear, my bonnie birdie,
Spread thy white wings, 'tis morning;
With thy beauty, love, this heart of mine is burnt.

A ribbon, love, I bring to thee,
Say, wilt thou wear it?
Binding thy hair, thy hair as bright as gold.

Love, come let us marry, we are young and gay,
Dearest, do not tarry,
None will say us nay.

—*Harmonized by Maurice Ravel*

THE SAINT

So calm and still, the holy saint,
Stands in a frame of gilded wood,
Where viols are carv'd and horns and cymbals quaint,
And the blest holyrood.

And the pale saint holds in his hands
The ancient book in red and gold,
From which, as Holy Church commands,
Was chanted, the High Mass of old.

A colour'd window over all,
And angel with harp of gold,
Sweeping the strings sheds light,
When shadows fall.

And so, with his viols and psalter
Amid the faded gilded wood within his niche above the altar,
The holy saint for years has stood,
A great musician of the silence !

THE DONKEYS OF CAIRO.

(Translation from ARMAND SILVESTRE)

Light of saddle and easy of pace,
The little white donkeys of Cairo's square
(As in the days of the Beaucaire fair)
Go trotting along with mincing grace.

On backs that tremble with very joy
Young ladies of Parisian charm,
With little cries of mild alarm,
Mount, silken-clad and passing coy.

And the little donkeys, beneath the weight
Of such charming burdens (a Biblical sight)
Are transported with far, far more delight
Than if holy relics were their freight.

Yes, Biblical—but not quite the same
As the Flight into Egypt; nor they the kind
Of Holy Family men bear in mind
When the Christmas candles burn their flame.

They, conscious of admiring eyes,
With corsage-flowerlets arrayed,
Leave to the simple country maid
The bother and care of being wise.

Light of saddle and easy of pace,
The little white donkeys of Cairo's square
(As in the days of the Beaucaire fair)
Go trotting along with mincing grace.

—D. P. W.

SPRING

(Translation from THEODORE DE BANVILLE)

Ah, laughing Spring, again you're here,
With bloom on the lilac trees ;
And love-sick maids who hold you dear
Let down their hair to the breeze.

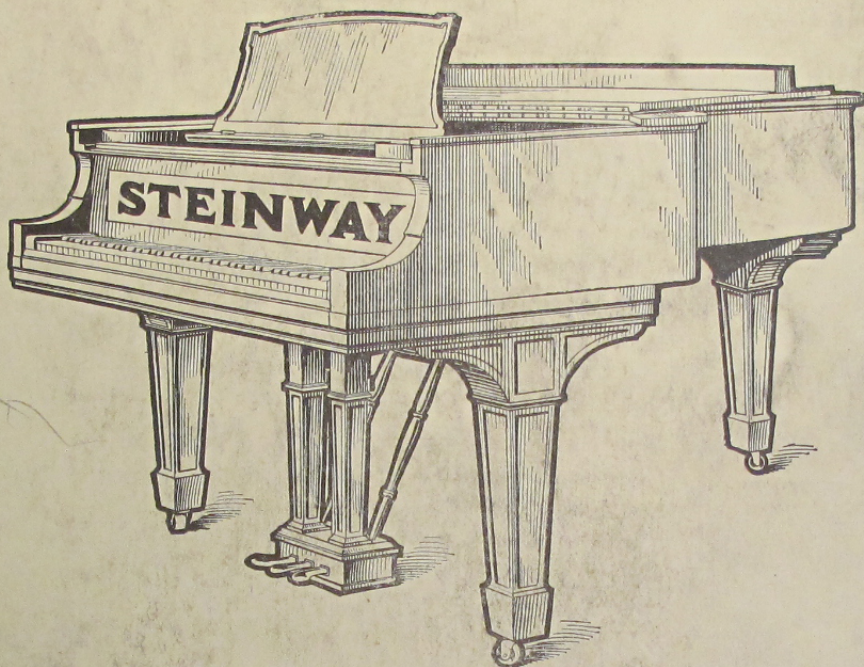
The ancient ivy resists in vain
'Gainst the rays of dazzling gold ;
Ah, laughing Spring, you're here again
And the lilac-blooms unfold.

By the margin of the pool we'll rest,
To heal our cruel despair,
And to calm the beating in our breast—
Build castles in the air.

—D. P. W.

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